THE

FOUR SEASONS,

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A

POEM:

BY JOHN HUDDLESTONE WYNNE, GENT.

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The Reader is desired to correct the following Errors.—Page 35, line 7, for *fled*, read *fed*.—Page 37, *dele* the 3d and 4th lines as superfluous.—Page 39, line 17, *dele* the word *active*.—Ibid. line 21, for *the day*, read *the future day*.—Page 48, read line 13 thus: [*While in sweet sleep the constant pair were laid.*]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEM, written, on the Plan of that celebrated Work of THOMSON's which bears the ſame Name; like his, is chiefly intended as deſcriptive of the Works of the Creation, and the Wonders of Almighty Power.

If it ſhould be aſked, conſidering the above-mentioned Piece as a finiſhed Performance, what Occaſion there was for another on the Subject, it may not be amiſs, in Anſwer, to obſerve, that THOMSON's SEASONS being written in a Sort of Verſe which is not equally read or reliſhed by every one, it was judged that Something of the ſame Kind in Rhyme might be executed with ſome Novelty and a Proſpect of Succeſs, and be productive of ſome moral Entertainment to the Readers; eſpecially ſuch of the Fair Sex as might be inclined to partake of a rational Amuſement, and whoſe Leiſure might not allow them to peruſe a larger Work.

Such being the Ground-Work of the Poem which the Author preſents to the Public, conſcious of the Juſtneſs of the Deſign, he entirely ſubmits the Merit of the Execution to the Candour of their Judgement to determine.

SPRING.

INSCRIBED TO

LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER.

GREAT Nature's beauteous changing forms I ſing,
And genuine joys that rolling Seaſons bring;
Creation's various bounties, that appear,
Returning ſtill with each returning year.
Bright Source of Verſe, propitious lend thine aid!
Inſpire my Song each ſweet PIERIAN maid!
O! give the Strain with Spring's ſoft warmth to flow,
With ardent Summer's genial fire to glow;
With copious lays Autumnal ſcenes to trace,
And ev'n from rugged Winter ſteal a grace!
Grant this, O PHOEBUS! and ye tuneful NINE,
My laurels I will at your feet reſign;
Yours be the off'ring, as the glory Mine.

FIRST beauteous SPRING advancing claims the lay,
Wak'd by young Graces, foſter'd by the May;
And rich in balmy ſtores through æther flies,
Waſted by zephyrs bland and ſmiling ſkies.

AND O! beyond her brighteſt bloſſoms fair,
In forming whom Heav'n took peculiar care,
Divine ALMERIA! from a form like thine
Might the rapt poet draw the juſt deſign;
Then from thy cheek his SPRING ſhould cull her bloom,
And from thy breath his zephyrs catch perfume;
Thy op'ning graces ſhould the theme prolong,
Inſpire the Poet, and exalt the ſong:
An humbler boon, O deign but to beſtow,
Still ſhall the Muſe with heart-felt rapture glow!
Indulge the ſtrains which thy own ſeaſon ſing,
And *brighter* beauties ſhall adorn the SPRING!—

Lo! the bleak Winter from our ſhores retreats,
And ſeeks the ſavage wilds, his ancient ſeats,
Where icy mountains pointing to the ſky,
For ever pil'd in glitt'ring ruins lie.
Thence from his rugged throne he bids repair
His blaſts tempeſtuous, through the troubled air:
Far to the South they wing their rapid flight,
There launch their fury with reſiſtleſs might,

And

And leave our happier fields to SPRING's ſoft pow'rs,
Which now leads on the roſy-crowned hours;
Spreads o'er the laughing fields her bliſsful train,
And with new beauties decks the barren plain.

FOR now ſwift-wheeling through the zodiac high,
Sol riſes tow'ring in our Northern ſky;
The vernal ſigns his grateful radiance own,
And in the TWINS he rears his lofty throne.
Far fly the foggy damps; the weſtern breeze
Steals in ſoft whiſpers through the bending trees;
The bending trees with early verdure gay,
Shoot forth, and bloſſom on the lovely May;
Whilſt all beneath a graſſy carpet laid,
With double beauty decks the growing ſhade:
The lawn too flouriſhing in lively green,
Adds ſweetly-various to the charming ſcene.—
Yet oft' the Sun at early morn retires,
And veils in deep'ning clouds his genial fires;
To covert ſwift the winged people fly,
Warn'd by the changes of the vary'd ſky,
And ruſtling leaves that murm'ring faint and low,
" The coming guſt, and haſty ſhow'r foreſhew."

How æther blackens! how the clouds extend
Their ſable curtain, while big drops deſcend,

Yet intermitting;—till anon the hour
Of ſilent noon pours down the fatt'ning ſhow'r,
Which, haſty ſtreaming, all the plains o'erſpreads,
And ſkirts, with ſcanty drops, the mountains heads;
Drives o'er the ſubject vale, with ruſtling ſound,
And deep deſcending, ſcatters plenty round.

GLAD Earth, rejoicing, in her womb receives,
The genial bounty which kind Nature gives;
The trees and plants diſplay a freſher green,
Whilſt op'ning flow'rs thro' trickling drops are ſeen;
Till certain ſigns th' approaching calm foreſhew,
And Heav'n appeas'd, hangs forth the watry bow:
This was the ſign of peace to ſinful *Man*,
When firſt the war of elements began:
For earlier times no diff'rent ſeaſons knew,
Till from *Man*'s change, the change of *Nature* grew:
Ere then one univerſal ſweet ſerene,
Deck'd undiſturb'd the ſublunary ſcene!—
While Parent Earth teems with exhauſtleſs ſtore,
And anſw'ring Heav'ns their kindeſt influence pour,
* SPRING reigns eternal; mildeſt zephyrs blow
O'er beds of flow'rs, that without culture grow.

This

* Ver erat æternum, &c. OV. MET. Lib. 1.

This was the Golden Age, when virtue reign'd,
And guiltleſs Men, a guiltleſs ſtate ſuſtain'd;
Corrupt at length, ASTRÆA fled the earth,
And Nature labour'd with a ſecond birth.
Then burſt the fountains of the hideous deep,
Where ſhoreleſs oceans in ſtill embryo ſleep;
And with one pang, one univerſal throe,
Diſclos'd the ſecrets of the World below:
Then firſt the wond'ring race of men deſcry
The waters glitt'ring on the ambient ſky;
Black clouds ſucceeding next, their torrents pour,
And heav'n and earth at once diſcharge their ſtore.
Thus a long ſpace was deſolation hurl'd
O'er all the confines of this nether world;
Till pleas'd at length a choſen few to ſave
From the dread horrors of the watry grave,
Relenting Heav'n bade deſolation ceaſe,
And ſpoke the jarring elements to peace:
While to their hollow beds the ſtreams retire,
The ſun again relumes his orb of fire;
Then firſt th' Eternal Father from on high
His bright bow beaming in the placid ſky
Hung forth;—to frighted man a glorious ſign
Of pray'r accepted, and of grace divine;—
Since to his race the ſame glad ſign appears,
In long ſucceſſion of revolving years,

Glorious, ſtill conſtant, and unfailing ſtill,
As is the Purpoſe of th' Almighty's will.——

BUT now the clouds diſpel'd, Sol's orient beams
Play with freſh luſtre on the glitt'ring ſtreams;
Sweet ſmiles the grove, the lawns and arched bow'rs
With bloſſoms ſmile, and renovated flow'rs:
Gem-like the hawthorn now ſalutes the May,
And the birds ſing melodious from the ſpray.

HAIL ſacred SPRING! for thee they tune their notes,
For thee, and *Love*, expand their ſwelling throats.
This is Love's ſeaſon; now the feather'd choirs
Feel their thrill'd breaſts expand with ſoft deſires;
Then ſwells the ſong with higheſt rapture crown'd,
"And all is joy and harmony around."
Now from the op'ning glade away they fly,
To where far-ſtretching ſhades are rear'd on high;
Or by the ſides of dimpled brooks that run
Murm'ring, protected from the glaring ſun,
By over-arching boughs that pendant grow,
And nod reflected in the ſtream below;
There to their mates their flutt'ring pinions ſpread,
There for their young ſupply the moſſy bed.
Others again, with leſs ambitious care,
In hedge-rows green, their little neſts prepare;

Or

Or ſtill intent ſecurely to provide,
Their callow offspring low in earth they hide.
From cares like theſe the whirring partridge ſprings,
From the low corn, that mounts on ſounding wings,
When the remorſeleſs ſportſman, ſtanding near,
Aims the dread gun, or ſpreads the wily ſnare;—
The partridge once a youth, in ancient time
The victim of a barb'rous kinſman's crime,*
By DÆDALUS hurl'd headlong from a tow'r,
Now ſhuns th' approaches of the lofty bow'r;
And ſtill beneath builds on more humble plan,
As the beſt refuge from deſtroying man.

BUT who ſhall ſing the natives of the groves,
Their race, their plumage, and their various loves;
How full of care they tend their infant brood,
Their charge each ſeaſon with their joys renew'd;
How with officious wing they often prove
Their tender young, who tempt the fields above,
Till practis'd long, they ſkim their flight afar,
And end at once the anxious parent's care!

AND

* PERDIX, a youth of uncommon parts, who was the firſt inventor of the compaſſes and the ſaw, being committed to his uncle DÆDALUS's care, who was a great adept in mechanics and envied his accompliſhments; this inhuman relation threw him from a tower, when MINERVA, Patroneſs of Arts, is ſaid to have changed him into a Partridge. See Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book the Eighth.

And now the dove of all the feather'd throng,
For conſtancy renown'd in ancient ſong,
Expanding ev'ry plume, impatient flies,
Beneath the covert of auſpicious ſkies,
To court his female to his fond embrace,
And by great love inſpir'd, ſuſtain his race;
He with ſoft cooings tenderly complains,
And to his fair reveals his am'rous pains:
Approving ſhe, with gentleſt notes returns
The ſoft addreſs, and with like paſſion burns;
Till the deep woods receive the faithful pair,
And mingled muſic ecchoes through the air.

The lark and tuneful linnet too combine,
And thruſh and blackbird in the concert join;
All birds of note, of voice, or melting ſong,
The muſic heighten, and the ſtrains prolong.
The hoarſer tribes in the full chorus drown'd,
Mar not the harmony with jarring ſound:
But all alike a welcome tribute bring,
And with ſweet muſic load the gales of Spring.

But chiefly in ſome lonely wild retreat,
The Child of Nature joys to fix his ſeat,
Which ſeas and rocks, and deſarts far remove
From courts and cities that the great ones love.

Oh!

Oh! bear me to ſuch unfrequented plains
Where ſimple Nature yet unrival'd reigns,
Guiltleſs of Art, unalter'd by Diſguiſe,
Where flow'rs unſeen, and plants unbidden riſe;
Where ſpreading roſes in full beauty glow,
Untaught by rules in ſtudied knots to grow;
Where foreſts, to the axe unknown, are ſpread,
And verdant hills lift high th' aſpiring head:
No ſounds to interrupt the calm repoſe,
Save of ſome gentle brook that murm'ring flows;
Save the ſweet warblings of the feather'd kind,
" Low anſwer'd by the gently-murm'ring wind."
Here, while the Spring unfolds her brighteſt bloom,
And wavy bloſſoms ſhed a rich perfume,
Soft left me on ſome flow'ry carpet laid,
Beneath the lofty oak's far-ſtretching ſhade,
Invoke thee, Contemplation, heav'nly maid,
Far from the tumult of the giddy throng,
To raiſe my raptures, and inſpire my ſong!
For thou retir'd from the proud glitt'ring dome,
Wilt ſtill with ſimple Nature make thy home.

Here, hand in hand, with thee I joy to ſtray,
And view each flow'ry dale, each winding way,
Where'er the eye can trace; while far and wide,
Beyond thoſe bounds by fancy's aid ſupply'd,

(Thy handmaid) o'er the earth's vaſt bounds I rove,
Or ſcan the wonders of the world above.
For theſe are Nature's characters diſplay'd
In Heav'ns own book, and fair before us laid,
To read and learn, and in his works to find
The vaſt perfections of th' Almighty Mind.

How various ſpring the trees, the herbs, the flow'rs,
Still nurs'd by genial ſuns and vernal hours!
Far in the waſte, the blooming roſes ſhine,
Where never beams the human face divine,
Save when yon' hermit, who in lonely cell
Content with pray'rs and penitence to dwell,
Bruſhes the dew; or in revolving years,
By chance ſome lonely ſhipwreck'd wretch appears
Who o'er the rugged rocks has ſtrove with pain
Theſe ſeats of unknown ſolitude to gain,
Then with a ſigh the beauteous proſpect greets,
And roves unbleſt amidſt a world of ſweets.
Yet, though ſuch ſcenes the glowing Muſe inſpire,
And oft'-times warms the heart with rapt'rous fire,
Though 'lone retirement oft' can ills remove,
And tune the ſoul to harmony and love;
Still, ſweet SOCIETY, to thee we owe
The pleas'd ſenſation, and the gen'rous glow

That

That each refin'd and feeling boſom warms,
And teems with thouſand ever-valu'd charms;
Each dear relation, without *thee* unknown,
Man were companion for the brutes alone,
Diſtinguiſh'd but by ſhape, had wander'd wild,
Unknown to virtue, loſt to pity mild,
And holy faith, and every love confeſs'd,
That ſtamps Heav'ns image on the human breaſt.

YES, I would oft' to lonely ſhades retreat,
And court the Muſes in their ſecret ſeat:
Yes, I would oft' with Contemplation ſtray,
Both with the riſing and the cloſing day;
With her trace all the flow'ry vales of SPRING,
And taſte the ſweets the various ſeaſons bring.
Nor leſs, SOCIETY, thy pow'r I own,
By which the univerſe ſubſiſts alone;
Though happy they from ſplendid courts that run,
Where giddy multitudes are ſtill undone:
But thoſe who haunt the ſweet retreats of life,
Far from the court's deceit, the city's ſtrife,
Muſt ſeek the bleſſing with a ſocial train,
So ſhall their joys ſtill undiſturb'd remain;
So ſhall revolving Seaſons riſe and ceaſe,
And find them ſtill in harmony and peace.

BUT PHOEBUS now deſcending to the main,
The giant-ſhadows lengthen on the plain;
The broad red orb wheels ſwiftly down the ſky,
Nor fogs, nor miſts obſcure his cloſing eye;
But purple clouds, in billowy mountains roll'd,
Which his bright beams adorn with fringed gold,
Glow in the Weſt; his ev'ning throne attend,
Skirt the broad plain, and with the welkin bend.

Now the returning ſwain, his labour done,
Moves blithſome homeward with the ſetting ſun;
The careful ſhepherd folds his bleating ſheep,
And twilight comes, the harbinger of ſleep:
Calm and ſerene, the ſober ev'ning ſhews,
Nor winds, nor ſtorms, diſturb the ſweet repoſe.

MEANWHILE, grey twilight fades;—advanc'd on high,
Bright HESPER twinkles in the azure ſky,
Friend to mankind; whoſe ſweet relucent beam
With yellow luſtre decks the paſſing ſtream,
And leads the ſtarry hoſt, a ſhining train,
That nightly glitter on th' æthereal plain,
Not long;—for ſee where in the duſky Eaſt,
With borrow'd light, in deepeſt crimſon dreſs'd,
Slowly aſcends the Moon, apparent queen,
And adds freſh beauties to the ſolemn ſcene:

Now,

Now, by degrees, up Heav'ns aſcent ſhe tow'rs,
Still bright'ning as ſhe leads the ev'ning hours;
Nature ſeems chang'd beneath her magic light,
And yields the empire to the queen of night:
She o'er the fields her ſilver mantle ſpreads,
Her bright beams glitt'ring on the mountains heads;
Whilſt woods, and lawns, and valleys all around,
Riſe to the view, with yellow verdure crown'd;
Round her the ſtars with fainter luſtre glow,
While nameleſs beauties ev'ry moment grow,
As her revolving chariot onward rolls,
And the bright myriads deck the glowing poles.

Now all is calm; peaceful the noiſy deep,
The fighting winds are lull'd to ſweeteſt ſleep;
All is ſtill ſilence, ſave where on the thorn
The ſolemn bird of ev'ning ſits forlorn,
Sweet PHILOMEL, who to the liſt'ning groves
Repeats the plaintive ſtory of her loves:
She, charming warbler, trilling all night long,
The ſwelling numbers of her plaintive ſong,
Inchants the raviſh'd ear, while night's fair queen
Liſtens attentive, on her throne ſerene.

SWEET bird who lov'ſt the ſolitary hours,
The lone inhabitant of midnight bow'rs,

How oft' thy notes delighted have I heard,
And night, and thee, her ſolemn bird, rever'd:
How oft' when ſtraying by the wood or lawn
Thy ſong has charm'd me, till the early dawn!
Yet could I not thy helpleſs young ones take,
But ſpar'd the offspring for the mother's ſake;
Nor to the cage the lovely birds confine,
The ſource of harmony almoſt divine,
There cloſe ſhut up, unhappy to complain,
And pant and ſigh for liberty in vain;—
Ah! ſad return for all the joys they bring,
The lovely children of the ſmiling Spring.—
Alas, ev'n now the mother-bird bewails
Her loſs;—and plaintive muſic loads the gales.
With ſilent eve her mournful ſong begun
When twilight cloſes on the ſetting ſun,
Laſts thro' the darkling hours with dying ſtrain,
Till day returning, bids her ceaſe again.

Now thro' the groves and o'er the op'ning glade,
The ſilver moon contracts her length of ſhade,
And riſing ſplendid to meridian height
With double radiance gilds the gloom of night.
And hark the village clock with diſtant ſound,
Peals through the ſilence of the night profound;

'Tis

'Tis aweful midnight—Not the diſmal bell
Which long and diſmal rings the fun'ral knell,
Strikes with more ſolemn dread the guilty heart,
Than this ſtill ſcene of nature can impart.
This is the ſecret, ſolitary hour
When dæmons of the night exert their pow'r,
And ſpirits walk, as ancient ſtories ſay,
Till crowing cocks proclaim th' approach of day,
Theſe while they wander o'er the church-yard drear
Oft' fill the ſimple ſwains with deadly fear,
Or ſtill frequenting the rude antique hall,
In flitting ſhadows glide along the wall;
Ev'n in the paſſing wind their dreaded forms
Are found, and glide upon the wintry ſtorms:
And next to them, a leſs injurious race,
The *elves* and *fays* aſſume their nightly place:—
Theſe in a ring trip their fantaſtic round,
While moonlight ſhadows chequer all the ground;
Such are their orgies, while their ſimple ſwain
With wonder marks, or thinks he marks, the plain
Trac'd by their nimble feet, pleas'd to retire,
And tell their feats beſide his ſocial fire,
Where his attentive young ones eager hear
The wond'rous tale that fills their hearts with fear.

And what are thoſe in ſhining white array'd,
Which caſt new glories o'er the duſky ſhade,
Juſt while the moon her paſſing glory ſhrouds
Beneath the veil of circum-ambient clouds?
Ah! whence that ſudden burſt of flamy light,
That thus beams dreadful o'er the ſolemn night!
Propitious Heav'n! at this moſt ſolemn hour
Shield us from evil by ſupernal pow'r!—
'Tis paſt!—The phantoms vaniſh from the view,
Their forms are melted like the morning dew.—
'Twas but the murm'ring wind, whoſe hollow blaſt
Sudden through yonder lofty foreſt paſs'd,
Whoſe bending branches caught the meteor's glare
That ſudden blaz'd, and then diſſolv'd in air.
Vain fears be gone, and vex the ſoul no more!
Know One Supreme; fear Him, and Him adore!
He far above yon' Heav'ns expanded height,
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
Sends forth, on high behells, the heav'nly band
That round his ſeat ſupreme for ever ſtand,
Peace and good-will to man on Earth to ſhew,
And do his pleaſure in the world below:
Not horrid thus to fill the ſoul with dread
Do they deſcend;—nor from the ſilent dead
Return with ill intents the ſhadowy band,
To feare poor mortals by divine command:

Dæmons

Dæmons and goblins, inſubſtantial ſhades,
And *elves* and *fays* that haunt the moonlight glades,
Shapes fancy-form'd, avaunt!—Th' inſtructed mind,
By reaſon and philoſophy refin'd,
Views other proſpects open on the ſight,
Amidſt the ſtill ſerene of ſilent night;
The ſilver moon, and thoſe her ſtarry train
That deck with living fires th' æthereal plain,
Riſe other worlds to her diſcerning eye,
And peopled realms, eſtabliſh'd in the ſky.
This and much more with Contemplation's aid
Before her faithful mirrour ſtands diſplay'd,
While each dim grove and ſhade, and lucent ſtream,
Aweful, inſpire the philoſophic dream.

But ſee the fading ſtars withdraw their light,
More faintly beams the empreſs of the night,
Faſt journeying down the ſky;—the ſtreaks of morn
The op'ning clouds in yonder Eaſt adorn,
All wake again, to light and life renew'd,
And Sol's bright journey is again purſu'd.——

Hail, gentle Spring! to thee I raiſe my ſong,
For thee the notes of harmony prolong!
Before thy face the louring ſtorms retire,
And Nature kindles at thy genial fire!

HAIL, bright'ning SPRING, whoſe happy influence warms
The Fair's ſoft breaſt, and lights up all their charms!
At thy approach, flies each corroding care,
And Beauty's ſelf appears more lovely fair.

HAIL, ſacred SPRING, that chear'ſt the human heart,
And canſt ſoft raptures to the ſoul impart;
While whole Creation owns the bleſſing giv'n,
And bows in gratitude to bounteous Heav'n!

HERE pauſe, my Muſe, the hot-breath'd ſteed reſtrain!—
Enough is ſung of SPRING's propitious reign:
Then ceaſe the theme, a while at eaſe reſpire,
Till other ſubjects wake the ſounding lyre;
Till gentle airs to powerful ſuns give way,
And radiant SUMMER claims the poet's lay.

SUMMER:

SUMMER:

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

FROM early SPRING to SUMMER's ardent height
The Muſe advent'rous ſteers her rapid flight;
From the thin foreſt, and the op'ning glades,
She ſeeks the deeper green, and thicker ſhades:
Smit with the "love of ſolitude and ſong,"
Th' umbrageous woods and cooling grots among,
She wooes retirement in her bleſs'd abodes,
The joy of Poets, and delight of Gods!

BENEATH thoſe ſhades, O happy ſhades! reclin'd,
When ſhall the Bard a friendly ſhelter find;
When ſtretch'd in ſilence, ſolitude and eaſe,
See the world jar, but be *himſelf* at peace?

Loſt

Loſt to each care, but ſacred ſong and love
Mix with the Nymphs and Dryads of the grove,
Who revel happy in great Nature's ſtore,
And univerſal PAN with blameleſs zeal adore.

REMOTE from theſe, ah! far remote! I ſtray,
Where envious clouds obſcure my noon of day,
Stem life's vex'd torrent with a trembling heart,
While lengthen'd days increaſing woes impart;
While each fair proſpect blaſted ſtill I ſee,
And mountains riſe between my hopes and me!

NORTHUMBERLAND! our Britain's pride and grace,
The boaſt and glory of a noble Race,
From ancient Kings who claim their honour'd line,
And Britiſh Heroes honour'd and divine:
Yes, if thou deign'ſt my numbers to approve,
The homely verſe ſhall more exalted move.
Great Patroneſs of ev'ry ſoft'ning art,
That fires the genius or improves the heart,
For Thee well pleas'd I ſtrike the tuneful lyre,
Thy name alone might loftier ſtrains inſpire:
But gracious THOU accept the humble lay,
Nor ſcorn ſuch tribute as the muſe can pay.
Like SUMMER's ſelf with genial influence ſhine,
And make the off'ring as the theme divine.

Lo!

Lo! from the plains the infant SPRING retires,
And SUMMER ſhoots around his potent fires:
Each glowing ſcene with brighter dyes is crown'd,
And ſcatter'd roſes ſtrew the ruſſet ground;
To rip'ning fruits while blooming flow'rets yield,
And future harveſts wave along the field.
Grey and ſerene appears the cloudleſs ſky
Till PHOEBUS rolls his flaming chariot high,
Paints with the radiance of his genial beams
The nodding foreſts and the glitt'ring ſtreams,
And flings around from Heav'ns ſtupendous height
A blaze of glory, and a flood of light:
From early morn' that ſees his glories riſe,
Till his bright orb aſcends meridian ſkies,
'Tis ſplendour all, while the wide landſcape round,
With thouſand tints of nameleſs beauty crown'd,
Confus'dly glitters in his noontide ray,
Till panting Nature droops and dies away!

Now to the covert of the branching wood,
Or the bright mirrour of the peaceful flood,
The cattle haſte, by ſhade or lucent ſtream,
To cool the fervour of the noontide beam;
Stretch'd on the riſing hills in peaceful ſleep,
Recline the num'rous flocks of ſnowy ſheep;

Dies through th' embow'ring grove the trembling breeze,
And not a zephyr fans the wavy trees:
Close in the arbours form'd by shady groves,
The feather'd warblers chaunt their tuneful loves;
There cooes the stock-dove plaintive and alone,
The groves re-echo to her constant moan.

But chiefly now retires the shepherd-swain,
Fir'd by the ardour of the open plain,
To arched bow'rs, where in the secret shade
He chaunts the praises of his fav'rite maid;
And oft' at noon the shepherdess reclin'd,
Her robes loose-waving to the dying wind,
Rewards his flame; simplicity alone
With sacred love, here holds her peaceful throne,
Where not a thought of ill intrudes to spoil
The happy state, nor mix their love with guile:
The conscious blush on beauty's cheek that dwells,
The speaking eye that inward rapture tells;
The heaving sigh that, void of hated art,
Speaks best the genuine language of the heart,
All these are hers;—the undissembling swain
Breathes vows of love, nor breathes those vows in vain.
Children of simple Nature, pure their love!
Witness'd by ev'ry dryad of the grove,

The

The lofty trees atteſt their conſtant flame,
And bear the miſtreſs' or the lover's name!

HERE too the child of poetry retir'd,
Does oft', by ev'ry tuneful muſe inſpir'd,
Chaunt to liſt'ning woods the grateful ſong,
And tunes his voice the ſilent groves among.
Beneath the beechen ſhade the Mantuan ſwain
Firſt rais'd to raptures his melodious ſtrain,
Firſt woo'd that Muſe which in her higheſt bloom
Won wreaths immortal from imperial ROME:
Saints, Sages, Prophets, all of honour'd name,
In ſhelt'ring ſhades have nurs'd the holy flame
That burn'd to ages!—Contemplation there
Still leads to higheſt Heav'n her darling care
The philoſophic bard, who lofty ſoars
On eagle wing, and heights ſublime explores,
Seeking Creation's Lord, intent to find
The various wonders of th' Eternal Mind!—

HERE ſtretch'd, thoſe climes in fancy I ſurvey
Where PHOEBUS pours intolerable day;
Where Summer holds through ev'ry age his reign,
And burning ſuns ſtill ſcorch the ruſſet plain
O'er ſandy waſtes and arid deſerts borne,
Which know no vary'd Seaſons ſweet return;

Where

Where the bright Eaſt firſt views the riſing ray,
Or Weſtern Ind' beholds the ſetting day;
Where no cool ſhow'rs refreſh the thirſty plain,
Or chear the labours of the toiling ſwain,
Save when huge roaring floods deſcend from high,
And open all the ſluices of the ſky,
From black'ning clouds the rapid torrent pours,
And æther blazes midſt deſcending ſhow'rs:
Then walks the thunder o'er the azure bound,
And hills and dales return the ſolemn ſound;
Tremble the mountains then, the foreſt quakes,
The ſolid earth to her foundation ſhakes,
The lofty cedar not its roots retain,
It falls a cumbrous ruin on the plain:—
Swift, where the city rears her lofty ſpires,
With double fury fall the' æthereal fires;
Nor fanes, nor tow'rs, the deſp'rate force withſtand,
Which ruthleſs deſolates the mourning land.

Nor ocean's waves beneath the tempeſt ſleep,
Which from the bottom ſtirs the reſtleſs deep,
Till wave on wave, till ſurge on ſurge ariſe,
Aſſault the ſhore, and threat the diſtant ſkies;
While wrapp'd in flame is all the troubled main,
And Neptune trembles for his watry reign;—

Ill fares the veſſel then which tempeſt-toſs'd
Wanders deſerted on a foreign coaſt,
Where thouſand deaths in various forms appear,
And ſtrike the braveſt heart with awe and fear.
And lo! at laſt, though furl'd the ſwelling ſail,
The deſp'rate veſſel drives before the gale,
Still ſidelong bearing 'midſt the tempeſt's roar,
In dread progreſſion tow'rds the rocky ſhore,
Whilſt the inſulting waves with horrid bound
Break o'er her bulk, and ſcatter ruin round.—
But ſhort the duranee of the Summer ſtorm;
Again the Heav'ns reſume their wonted form,
The light'nings ceaſe to flaſh, the thunders die,
In diſtant murm'ring faint along the bright'ning ſky.
Now ſwift the ſwelling canvas they diſplay,
And from the fatal ſhallows urge their way,
Strain ev'ry nerve their wonted courſe to gain,
And plough, with fav'ring gales, the calmer main.

Lo! from the flying clouds, with radiance bright,
Breaks forth afreſh the glorious god of light!
His former abſence with new beams repays,
And fires the mountains with his welcome rays;
The yielding vales confeſs his wide domain,
And riſing dews involve the ſteaming plain.

THUS, where the equatorial line extends,
And either tropic's radiant circle bends,
The heats of Summer pass, perpetual known
In climes remote, beneath the torrid zone,
Where still fair plants, and cluster'ing fruits appear,
And all the treasures of the ripen'd year;
Where still primæval woods display their shade,
From age to age in verdant robes array'd;
Where birds unnumber'd dwell, of matchless dyes,
" That cast a flamy radiance on the skies;"
Where sudden FLORA sheds her brightest glow,
And living streams through worlds of verdure flow!
Unknown to human race; where deep'ning shine
The gold and diamond in the flashing mine;
Where PHOEBUS beams direct with all his pow'r,
And gives full radiance to the noontide hour;
Where life itself a stronger hue assumes,
And, like the rising plant, more fully blooms.

BUT what are these?—What all the treasur'd stores
The sun surveys on Ind' or Afric's shores,
If social joy, and ev'ry finer art
That swells the soul and elevates the heart,
Religion pure, true wisdom, freedom's boast,
And love, and sweet humanity, are lost

To

To other climes, retreating ſtill are led
Where milder ſuns their genial influence ſhed,
With equal ſway, where poliſh'd ſtates ariſe,
And Science blooms beneath indulgent ſkies?
Such Europe are thy boaſt through ev'ry age,
Renown'd;—the glory of th' hiſtoric page;
And ſtill, BRITANNIA, chief, the palm is thine,
In arms and arts ſtill honour'd and divine!
Who can recount the glories of thy race,
Nurs'd by each muſe, and deck'd by ev'ry grace;
By thund'ring Mars ſtill taught in bloody field
To force the fierceſt of thy foes to yield;
On arts of peace taught high to rear thy throne,
While each Minerva is confeſs'd thy own!—
Thee, great in feats of war let GAUL proclaim,
Who owns thy ſword, and trembles at thy name;
Thee, firſt in Science and in Genius bleſt,
Thy Bacon, Newton, Boyle, and Locke atteſt:
Riſe, Britain, riſe, in native triumph reign,
The queen of iſles, and miſtreſs of the main!
Whoſe naval arms incircle earth's vaſt round,
Whoſe empire only by the ſtars is bound!
"Land of delight!" where ev'ry ſcene of joy
That can the buſy ſenſe of man employ
Is centred; where returning Seaſons roll
To chear the heart and animate the ſoul!

Where

Where SPRING appears in all her brighteſt bloom,
While gentleſt zephyrs ſhed their rich perfume:
Where ardent SUMMER lights his mildeſt fire,
Nor bids mankind beneath his beams expire,
But promiſe ſtill of future plenty yields,
Whilſt rip'ning harveſts wave along the fields;
Where AUTUMN crowns the wiſhes of the year;
Nor WINTER's train devoid of joy appear.—
Hail to thy happy coaſts;—What though unknown
The barb'rous *wealth* that loads the torrid zone,
Unknown their *evils* too, a dreadful band
That frequent deſolate a mourning land,
Tremendous earthquakes, hurricanes fell,
And peſtilence, that eldeſt born of Hell,
(From fœtid woods her hated birth that draws)
And ſavage beaſts, and yet more ſavage laws!
BRITANNIA, circled by the ſhelt'ring main,
Is free from theſe through all her wide domain,
Temp'rate her ſkies, no ſad extreme ſhe knows,
Nor ſhakes with cold, nor with mad fervour glows;
Her ſteady ſons like her own climate bleſs'd,
Feel no wild paſſions lord it in their breaſt,
Where ſtill repreſſive of the riſing flame,
Fair reaſon rules, and points the road to fame;
Extended empire, commerce unconfin'd,
Her wide ſails ſtretching to the farthing wind,

Are

Are hers; while liberty exalts her name,
And ſtamps her glorious in the liſts of fame!
While her lov'd Prince, whom freedom's ſons obey,
With ev'ry virtue marks his gentle ſway.

IERNE too, whoſe ſides old ocean laves,
Join'd, not *divided*, by the ſwelling waves,
Has oft'-times hail'd with joy the regal hand
That ſcatters plenty o'er the ſmiling land.—
You ſaw, NORTHUMBERLAND! her joy expreſs'd,
When by your virtuous conſort's guidance bleſs'd;
You ſaw her ſorrows, when his own abode,
Her chief, her patriot, and almoſt her god,
Receiv'd; with never-fading glories crown'd,
To bloom perpetual through time's ceaſeleſs round.
Nor leſs your abſence did her ſons deplore,
Abſence of glories they muſt view no more!
For days like thoſe they never ſhall obtain,
Tho' rolling years return old Saturn's reign.

WHAT need I ſing of Albion's dauntleſs hoſts,
Th' unconquer'd fleets that guard her happy coaſts;
Or tell her empire and extended ſway,
Ev'n from the riſing to the falling day:
Yon' ſetting ſun has ſeen her ſtrength increaſe,
Glorious in war, magnificent in peace,

And ſtill with fav'ring aſpect may he view
Her realms all happy, and her ſons all true,
While years revolving raiſe her honour'd name,
And diſtant lands record BRUNSWICK's fame.

BUT lo! the blazing orb at laſt deſcends,
Wide o'er the plain the lengthning ſhade extends;
Grey twilight comes, the billowy clouds retire,
Th' expanded Heav'ns have doff their robe of fire;
The ſhepherd folds his ſheep, from hill or plain,
Home to his cot retires the rural ſwain;
The fanning gales are hush'd to ſweeteſt ſleep,
Nor wave the woods, nor curls the flexile deep:
Now the bright-beaming ſtar, reſplendent Jove,
And all that gem-like deck the fields above,
Gleam on the view; but far above the reſt,
Tow'rs from the eaſt, in borrow'd luſtre dreſs'd,
The ſilver moon, and with ſuperior light,
Dims all the glitt'ring, ſpangled hoſt of night.

AND now the philoſophic Sage is ſeen,
With mind intent, slow-pacing o'er the green,
Who ſoaring upward, quits this low abode,
And looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
Wand'ring o'er cooling dews, he ſcans the night,
And meditates beneath the moon's pale light.

And here the diſappointed lover roves,
And tells his ſorrow to the ſilent groves;
Nor leſs the bard, whom ſtill misfortune's pow'r
Has haunted ruthleſs from his natal hour,
Seeks in the ſilent ſhade to hide his woe,
While conſcious ſtars behold his ſorrow flow;
While night's fair queen ſtill views him with her ray,
And PHILOMELLA anſwers to his lay,
Till the bright dawn her chearing influence ſhed,
And TITAN rouſes from his watry bed,
Then from the gariſh eye of day returns:
But ſtill his ſecret heart within him burns:
Yet wedded ſtill to ſolitude and ſong,
He bids the muſe a ſprightly ſtrain prolong,
And though misfortune's *wintry* pow'r he prove,
Still chaunts thee, SUMMER, in the lawn and grove!

AUTUMN:

INSCRIBED TO

LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH.

THE burning ſun has ceas'd to ſcorch the plain,
Which droop'd beneath hot SIRIUS' tyrant reign;
Retiring SUMMER, fleeting ſwift away,
To milder AUTUMN now reſigns the ſway:
Blue and ſerene the ſmiling ſkies appear,
While Libra weighs in equal ſcales the year.

CHARLOTTE, whoſe grateful and important care
Another CHARLOTTE ſtill delights to rear,
Whom future times in riper years ſhall ſee,
Worthy the ſtock ſhe boaſts, and worthy thee,
When the young ſeeds, now ſown in early ſpring,
In later AUTUMN full increaſe ſhall bring,

And

And ſhew to wond'ring realms her royal mind,
By virtue brighten'd, as by taſte refin'd;
With nobleſt emulation fir'd to trace
The ancient glories of her peerleſs race.
CHARLOTTE, to thee the Muſe inſcribes the ſtrain;
Not meanly low, nor impotently vain,
She ſues thy grace, in theſe degen'rate times,
To deck and patronize her homely rhymes;
Which chaſte, though plain, and moral, though ſincere,
May aſk admiſſion to a female ear:
Then with thy ſanction deign to bleſs his toil,
And plenteous AUTUMN ſhall more ſweetly ſmile,
Smile ev'ry ſweet maturer Seaſons bring,
And the full year aſſume the charms of SPRING.

SEASON of Bliſs! when bounteous Heav'n prepares
The great reward for man's inceſſant cares!
Where the rich harveſt on the fertile land
Stands deep, and courts the hardy repear's hand;
When bluſhing fruits on ev'ry ſide appear,
And hail the goddeſs of the ripen'd year!
POMONA, laviſh queen, who kindly pours
In AUTUMN months her ſweetly bluſhing ſtores,
Now her glad reign the joyful nations own,
That ſcatters plenty from her rural throne.

See! milder ſuns and gentler airs arife,
And earth rejoice beneath the temp'rate ſkies;
Yet ſoon to be diſrob'd, her glories ſhed,
And o'er her face a ruſſet mantle ſpread;
For 'midſt this ſcene with glowing plenty crown'd,
While ſunk in joy lies all the country round,
Droop in the lofty ſhade the ſick'ning trees,
The brown leaf quivers on the curling breeze;
Floats the light down, borne by the gales on high,
And threads Autumnal from the branches fly
In circling eddies;—o'er the lofty woods,
The hills, the lawns, and deeply-murm'ring floods,
With reſtleſs wing, the feather'd people ſweep,
Or ſkim the ſurface of the boiling deep;
Hence (as they ſay) to climes of heat and light,
Myriads of wand'rers take their annual flight.
But who has ſeen their ſpreading files extend,
Or high in air the caravan aſcend?
Or who has mark'd them on ſome boiſt'rous day
Thro' fields of æther hold their deſtin'd way,
O'er trackleſs deſerts, lands, or ſeas unknown,
To ſeek new worlds beneath the torrid zone?
Yet *where* retir'd from wintry ſtorms they lie,
Where ſhun the rage of an inclement ſky,
Theſe are great Nature's ſecrets, hid from man,
Who oft' in vain attempts her ways to ſcan,

The ways of Providence! whose trackleſs maze,
The human mind aſtoniſh'd ſtill ſurveys!
That Providence whoſe univerſal care,
Scorns not the needful viands to prepare
In lake or ſea, in breezy lawn or wood,
For birds and beaſts, and fiſhes of the flood.
Lo! the young ravens by *his* hand are fled,
His table in the wilderneſs is ſpread:
Trace the wild deſert, ſtem the gloomy deep,
Aſcend the clouds where infant tempeſts ſleep,
Still *He* is preſent whoſe Almighty hand
Pervades old ocean, and ſuſtains the land:
All things are full of *Him*: great Lord of all,
Who not remiſs, beholds a ſparrow fall;
Tho' not the higheſt heav'ns his pow'r contain,
Nor boundleſs ſpace can circumſcribe his reign.——

THIS is the ſeaſon when the ſporting train
Drive down the hills, or thunder o'er the plain;
Chace the fleet ſtag, the guileful fox purſue,
And give the villain ſoon that death his due:
Leſs gen'rous when they urge the timid hare,
With op'ning hounds, or with inſidious ſnare.
Poor! when, alas! the num'rous ſhouting hoſt
So low a triumph as *her* fall can boaſt!

Still

Still leſs, when from the brake the feather'd game,
Whoſe ſtate forlorn ſhould tender pity claim,
Fall by the deadly ſhot! Ah who can find
Such pleaſure in this joy of ſavage kind?
But haughty man ſtill deems the world his own,
And o'er his ſubjects rears a tyrant throne!

YET could the wolf or boar the chace engage,
Rouſe the bold huntſman and provoke his rage,
The Muſe ſhould celebrate the glorious aim,
And rank them with the chiefs of ancient fame.
Such ſports did MELEAGER's youth employ,
And many a Prince that wrought the fall of TROY;
What time through CALEDON's rough foreſts wide
DIANA's beaſt, that mortal ſtrength defy'd,
Rag'd uncontroll'd, till from the hero's ſword
He met his fate, and peace again reſtor'd,
Smil'd on the land, the ſadly-fatal charm
Broke by the effort of his vig'rous arm.
For ſports like theſe a gen'rous warmth inſpire,
And fill the huntſman with the hero's fire,
Train him to glorious deeds of high renown,
Till martial fame his bright atchievements crown;
Reſolv'd in fight when rous'd, to ſpend his breath,
And riſe to conqueſt, or elſe ſink in death!

LET

LET raptur'd poets tell of ſmiling May,
And paint her rural ſcenes profuſely gay;
Let early SPRING engage each lay,
When bluſhing flow'rets open on the day,
When the wing'd people warble through the grove,
And all is tun'd to harmony and love:—
Sweet is that Seaſon, yet oft' livelier riſe
Autumnal ſuns, and light up milder ſkies;
When Libra's ſign prevails, when the blythe ſwain
From wavy fields has reap'd the golden gain,
Till brighter moons their uſeful aid have giv'n,
And the rude Centaur holds the height of Heav'n.

GREAT God of Seaſons, pour thy bleſſing here,
And give thy plenty to the ripen'd year;
Give fruitful harveſts to our native ſoil,
Nor let the glebe delude the farmer's toil:
Avert for ever from this favour'd land,
Famine and all her train, a dreadful band:—
Oh! give us ſtill to eat our fruits increaſe,
And ſtill rejoice in all the gifts of peace!

'TIS done:—And now rough Induſtry ſurveys
The mighty bleſſings which his hands can raiſe;
While ſmiling AUTUMN gleaming on his fields,
Meed of his care, the bounteous harveſt yields,

The jolly ſwain now ſweats beneath his load,
While happy Labour reaps the fruit beſtow'd.

Now ceaſe the gentle gales; the riſing ſtorm,
And low-bred miſts and fogs the year deform;
Now but by fits the beaming ſun is ſeen,
And ſheds faint radiance o'er the faded green,
While oft' at eve the clouds diſſolving pour,
With ſudden force, the congregated ſhow'r;
Dark reſts the miſt upon the lofty hill,
The ſteamy vapour fuming from the rill;
Shook by the blaſts, the nodding foreſts bend,
While in thick ſhades the melting branches blend:
Turbid and rude the ſwelling rivers glide,
And hoarſer murmurs echo from the tide.

The duſky twilight ſpreads her mantle grey,
With which ſhe veils the buſy face of day;
The howling winds ſubſiding by degrees,
In fainter murmurs whiſtle through the trees;
A calm ſucceeds; yet ere the ſtarry train
Gleam with full luſtre on the lonely plain,
Springs from the lake or ditch, or ſwampy mire,
A vapour phantom, a deluſive fire,
Which ſtill th' unwary traveller deceives,
Leads him to pool or bog; there faithleſs leaves;

And

And oft' the ſimple ſwain perceives the light,
And deems it ſent by dæmons of the night,
Foes to mankind, who ſtill their time employ
In evil deeds, intent but to deſtroy.

But better ſcenes recal the wand'ring Muſe,
While all the ripen'd harveſt's charms ſhe views;
Sees where the reaper-train, a joyful band,
Prepar'd around their rural maſter ſtand;
Views where the gleaner picks the pittance poor,
And where the barns receive the plenteous ſtore:
Then, all diſſolv'd in glee the country round,
Smiles the gay board with feſtal honour crown'd;
Then drown their labours in the flowing bowl,
Health ſwells the breaſt, and joy dilates ſoul.
Now, with briſk ſtep, each ruſtic leads his maid
To jocund dances in the lawn or ſhade;
Or active mingling, ſwift in active ſports are ſeen,
In friendly conteſt on the open green:
Pure is their mirth, from pride and envy free,
Whilſt nought but ſcenes of heart-felt joy they ſee.
Thoughtleſs of what the day ſtill brings,
Each toiling ſwain looks down content on kings;
And every village-maid, whom pleaſure warms,
With artleſs ſhew diſplays her native charms;

The healthy cheek that with freſh crimſon glows,
Here emulates the beauties of the roſe;
The jetty locks that in wild ringlets reſt,
Swell on her ſhaded neck or heaving breaſt;
The modeſt eye that beams with native fire,
The ſimple notes that Nature's ſelf inſpires,
All theſe are hers, which, void of guile or art,
Find ready paſſage to the lover's heart;
He, for her ſake, the wildings of the grove
Selects; and nuts and apples tell his love:
Yet more ſincere than the wide glitt'ring blaze
Which the bright gem or burniſh'd gold diſplays,
When giv'n in token of the genuine heart,
That ſtill by trifles can its ſenſe impart;
For love which nurs'd by virtue will endure,
Not gems can buy, nor ophir's gold ſecure.

Lo! now the ſilver moon, with all her train
Of glitt'ring ſtars, in yon cerulean plain
Flame high, while theſe with keener luſtre play,
Foretelling brightneſs to the future day.
Then firſt is felt the eager-nipping air,
Which bids the ſwain for WINTER's froſt prepare,
Whoſe reign ſucceeding next, muſt cloſe the ſcene,
And to a deſert turn the ſmiling green.

THUS

THUS that great Pow'r who bids the Seaſons roll,
Adjuſts, divides, and regulates the whole.—
By ſlow degrees, in this our temp'rate clime,
Succeeding Seaſons walk the round of Time.
Firſt SPRING appears, who deck'd in youthful bloom,
Bids glowing flow'rs diffuſe their rich perfume:
The SUMMER next, with ardent ſtrength behold,
Nurſe brighter plants, and fruits that glow with gold:
Theſe AUTUMN, with the golden wheatſheaf crown'd,
Matures, and pours innum'rous treaſures round:
Laſt, WINTER, thou aſſum'ſt th' alternate reign,
That binds all Nature in thy icy chain.
Yet not at once each uſeful change takes place,
But gently fading, ſoftens into grace
The kind viciſſitude; in each we prove
The various bleſſings of creative love
That rules yon' Heav'n, preſerves this earthly ball,
Pervades, ſupports, and rules this beauteous All!
Who, from the depth of chaos and old night,
Bade order riſe, and ſpoke the world to light.
He bids the SPRING with early beauty ſhine,
And lights up SUMMER with his ray divine;
His bounty in the rip'ning year expreſs'd,
Thee, AUTUMN, in the richeſt robe has dreſs'd:
Nor WINTER thou, who next demand'ſt my lay,
Unmark'd by love divine, ſhalt own thy ſway

O'er proſtrate Nature; though the tempeſt ſhakes,
And ſolid earth to her foundation quakes;
His Providence ſtill marks their deſtin'd courſe,
Directs their anger, or reſtrains their force.
To *Him* for ever ſhall my lays reſound,
Whether the earlier Seaſons deck the ground,
Or Autumn ſmile, or Winter! thou prolong,
The gloomy hours that now recal my ſong.

WINTER:

INSCRIBED TO

LADY BETTY MACKENZIE.

NO more of SPRING or SUMMER's ſultry reign,
Of burning ſuns that ſcorch the arid plain;
No more of ſweets that vernal FLORA yields,
Of yellow harveſts nodding o'er the fields:
Far in the South the ſofter Seaſons bloom,
While Europe ſinks in WINTER's ſable gloom.
To joyleſs ſcenes the drooping Muſe retires,
Yet at *thy* lamp relumes her dying fires
Great Pow'r of Nature! whoſe indulgent hand
Pervades old ocean, and ſuſtains the land;
Whoſe genial aid, and all-enliv'ning force,
Still rules the Seaſons in their varying courſe,
Bids ev'ry change its own rich dowry bring,
And WINTER's ſelf prepare the path of SPRING!—

To

To THEE, MACKENZIE, gen'rous, wiſe and good,
With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace endu'd,
Whoſe ſoul refin'd that beſt emotion knows,
To melt with pity for another's woes;
Whoſe hand from pining want averts the doom,
And chears the heart 'midſt WINTER's deepeſt gloom!
To Thee the Poet dedicates his lyre;
Such merits ſtill the tuneful ſtrains inſpire;
To Thee each Muſe her willing tribute pays:—
Great is thy worth, though mean the votive lays.
Yet deign to patronize the homely ſong,
So ſhall the bard the grateful theme prolong;
So ſhall his pencil warmer touches give,
And bid the animated picture live!—

WHEN fruitful AUTUMN far away retires,
And Nature veils her ineffectual fires;
When the broad ſun gleams faintly o'er the plain,
And quick-deſcending, ſeeks the Weſtern main,
What time with ev'ry hollow murm'ring breeze,
The yellow leaf ſwift falling from the trees,
In many a dull and melancholy round
Quivers in air, or whirls along the ground.
Then BOREAS and his blaſt'ring brethren riſe,
And ruſh reſiſtleſs through the louring ſkies;

Then

Then comes the "father of the tempeſts" forth,
And rudely deſolates the mourning earth;
(Not like the Summer ſtorms, which far and wide
Ruſh o'er the land, and heave the ſwelling tide,
Yet ſoon repreſs'd, in gentle murmurs ceaſe,
And yield th' affrighted world to gentle peace;)
But with continuous and alarming ſway,
Through redd'ning æther holds the deſtin'd way;
Or ſtir with dreadful voice the troubled deep,
Or o'er the land with force reſiſtleſs ſweep,
While fighting winds contend on either ſhore,
And imitate the dreadful thunder's roar:
Then groans the foreſt, then the ſturdy oak
Bows low beneath th' unſeen but weighty ſtroke;
Echo the lofty hills; through vales below,
In hoarſeſt murmurs troubled torrents flow;
While fly the feather'd and the footed train
In wild confuſion from the open plain,
And ſeek ſome ſhelt'ring ſhade, but ſeek, alas! in vain:
All bare and horrid ſtands the ſhaggy wood,
The op'ning cave receives the ruſhing flood;
Wild horror reigns; the herdſman with ſurpriſe
Sees growing dangers ev'ry moment riſe;
The ſwain that tends his flocks at ev'ning hour,
With dying heart beholds the tempeſt lour;

And oft', caught ſudden 'midſt the dreadful jar
Of fighting clouds and elemental war,
His fleecy care to their ill fate reſign'd,
He flies; yet caſts a mournful look behind,
Where his ſad charge attract the pitying eye,
Which deep ingulph'd in watry ruin lie.

Nor this alone: the frowning hill that ſhrouds
His awful ſummit in a veil of clouds
Now pours his torrents down; the homely ſeats
Of rugged peaſants, and the lone retreats
Which nurſe the calm and philoſophic ſage,
Alike muſt prove the howling tempeſt's rage.

Perhaps at midnight, when the lab'ring hind
To balmy reſt reſigns his vacant mind,
While the grey ſage, by the lamp's ſolemn light,
In ſtudious guiſe wears out the hours of night,
The hideous roar comes on; the dreadful ſway
Sweeps all the ſubject cottages away;
Trembles the clay-built ſhed, reſiſtleſs pour
The driving torrent and the rattling ſhow'r;
The wild winds roaring ev'ry fear increaſe,
Aſcends to heav'n "*the meek-ey'd frighted peace:*"
Then fall the works of art, from the proud dome
To where the ſimple ſhepherd makes his home.

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in one ruin, lo! the laſt remains,
Heaps cruſh'd on heaps, wide ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Of many' a lofty pile, and low-built ſhed,
In floating fragments o'er the country ſpread;
While howling ſtorms ſpread devaſtation round,
And rifted rocks the dreadful roar rebound.

WHERE Weſtern hills, with high and ample ſweep,
Veil the rough boſom of the boiling deep,
In calm retirement liv'd a virtuous pair,
ALCANDER, faithful, and EMIRA, fair;
Theſe from life's glare and vainly tedious hour
Withdrawing timely, woo'd the ſimple pow'r
Sweet Solitude, and bleſs'd with virtue's charms,
Found all their pleaſures in each other's arms.
Theſe oft' when PHOEBUS ting'd the blue ſerene,
Would careleſs wander o'er the glowing ſcene;
The early SPRING and ardent SUMMER hail,
And AUTUMN, wafted on the gentle gale;
And ev'n when WINTER roughen'd all the ſky,
The Heav'ns regarded with adoring eye,
The live-long day each various change ſurvey'd
Which the Creator's mighty pow'r diſplay'd,
While thron'd in clouds he bade the tempeſt roar,
Or chain'd the frozen ſtream, confin'd to rage no more.

IN

In this ſad Seaſon, when retiring light
Reſign'd the world to ſilence and to night,
Th' inſtructive page amus'd their glowing mind,
Or ſocial converſe, tender and refin'd,
Till the late hour their weary ſenſe oppreſs'd,
Then gently ſunk at once to peace and reſt.

'Twas night, when all was wrapp'd in ſoft repoſe,
That fierce and wild the howling tempeſt roſe;
While fighting winds with dreadful fury rave,
And torrents roaring, tumble wave on wave;
Nature was ſhock'd, trembled the ſolid ground,
And repercuſſive mountains caught the ſound:
While ſunk in ſweet ſleep conſtant pair were laid,
Swift-riſing guſts their lone retreat invade,
The rocking dome confeſs'd the tempeſt's force,
Dreadfully eager in its rapid courſe,
Then wak'd to horrors which the guiltleſs mind
Alone can feel unmov'd, can meet reſign'd.
With words of comfort young Alcander preſs'd
His trembling conſort to his faithful breaſt:
Regardleſs of himſelf, for *her* alone,
With pray'rs and vows he ſought the heav'nly throne:
But Heav'n their ſtate beheld with equal eyes;
" When ſuch friends part, 'tis the ſurvivor dies:"

The

The dreadful ſhocks the ruſhing pile remove,
And join in death whom life had join'd in love:
Theſe in the ruin'd heaps at length were ſeen,
Claſp'd in each other's arms, with look ſerene,
Smiling in death;—no wound their form impreſs'd,
Nor dreadful ſcar was ſeen on either's breaſt;
With inſtant ſtroke* fate ſnatch'd away their breath,
And bore them ſudden through the gates of death:
The village-maids their homely grave adorn,
Where ſpringing flow'rs drink deep the tears of morn':
Beneath a rural tomb their relicks lie,
And o'er them frequent weeps the pitying eye;
The ſighing gales pay tribute to their urn,
And for their fate the tuneful ſiſters mourn.

But turn we next where other ſcenes ariſe,
White meads, bright ſuns, and pure cerulean ſkies.
For now at eve' the ſharp North-eaſtern breeze
Skims o'er the plain, or whiſtles through the trees:
Now vivid ſtars with keener luſtre glow,
While rigid heav'ns forbid the ſtreams to flow,
Brightens with froſt the gleaming landſcape round,
The firm horſe-hoofs beat thick the clatt'ring ground
That trembles to the ſtep;—with lab'ring hand
The hardy ploughman breaks the furrow'd land,

* They periſhed by ſuffocation.

While down the dale the ruddy milk-maid hies,
And views with joy the full-orb'd moon ariſe.

THIS is Health's ſeaſon! Now the ſinewy arm
Is brac'd to ſtrength, and fluſh'd rich beauty's charm;
The chace, the dance, all ſports that give to reign,
The blood quick-circling through each ſwelling vein;
O WINTER! theſe are thine, and oft' thy pow'r
Can chear the gloom of thy own darkeſt hour;
'Tis thine to bid the cheek with health to glow,
To give the ſpirits with freſh life to flow;
Thy icy hand can rouſe the feeble heart
With native ſtrength that mocks the pow'r of art;
To wake the ſenſe where *blooming ſeaſons* fail,
Thy froſts, O potent WINTER, can prevail!
Yet the green ſtem, the fruit, the blooming flow'r,
All ſeem to die beneath thy rigid pow'r:
Mute is each ſongſter of the tuneful grove,
And loſt alike to harmony and love;
But when the hour of night and ſilence reigns,
Lo! the bat flutters, and the owl complains,
While the clear ſky diſturbs their ſolemn flight,
And ev'n at midnight pours a flood of light.

BUT ſhould the Muſe her courſe ſtill Northward bend
Where vaſt SIBERIA's horrid waſtes extend,
Where LAPLAND's ſons their magic rites prepare,
Or ZEMBLA's tribes inhale the freſher air,

How

How could ſhe ſing the diſtant ſcene unknown,
Or trace the wonders of the frigid zone?
Where the ſkies harden, where the boundleſs main
Is lock'd in hoary WINTER's icy chain;
Where for whole months the radiant ſun retires,
While dancing meteors glow with ſtranger fires,
There Nature dies;—yet man with daring aim
Attempts theſe climes in ſearch of wealth and fame,
Climes ever joyleſs! where in height of day
"*Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away!*"
Where ſtill revolving ſeaſons yet behold
A wintry ſcene, a treaſury of cold,
Which not bright SUMMER's radiance can reclaim,
Nor the dread heat of PHOEBUS' riſing flame.

To towered cities now the crowd withdraw,
Swarm the thick marts, and throng the courts of law,
And palaces and gilded domes of ſtate,
Where ſtarv'd dependants on their patrons wait,
The theatre, and haunts of public ſhew,
Where the rapt poet bids the ſcene to glow:
For now the labours of the fruitful year
In the grave page, or tuneful ſtrain appear,
While guilt appal'd, draws deep the heart-felt groan,
And virgins melt with ſorrows not their own!—
But long and heavy o'er the fields and plains,
The faireſt night in this ſharp ſeaſon reigns;

And often at the ſtill and ſolemn hour,
Sent by the force of ſome deſtroying pow'r,
Swift-ſpreading fires the ancient pile ſurpriſe,
Which blazes inſtant to the ambient ſkies;
Glitter the mountains and the hoary woods,
The diſtant ſpires, and froſt-embraced floods,
The ſtars eclips'd, emit a fainter ray,
And æther blazes with factitious day:
Art ſtrives in vain! While ſtreams forget to flow,
With double force the flames deſtructive glow,
Ruin enſues; behold the ſhiv'ring band
All helpleſs round the flaming pile they ſtand,
Houſeleſs and comfortleſs, the prey of grief!
What pitying hand ſhall give their woe relief?
Caſt out from that ſad hour to want and care,
And all the torments of the laſt deſpair!

Now, when the watry ſigns receive the ſun,
Whoſe Southern journey through the heav'ns is run,
Fleecy and bleak the drifting ſnows deſcend,
And o'er the land a ſhining waſte extend;
No longer now the hill, or dale, or plain,
Or flood diſtinguiſh'd through the ſcene remain;
The riſing ſun, that gilds them with his rays,
With equal eye the alter'd ſcene ſurveys;
Nor can the pow'r of all-enliv'ning light
Divide the objects through th' effuſion bright,

Till

Till riſing high in his æthereal courſe,
He ſtrikes the mountains with redoubled force,
When haſty down the ſnows diſſolving pour,
And rob the valleys of their fleecy ſtore,
While murm'ring breezes of the Southern wind
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and the year unbind.

YET cutting blaſts, whilſt ARIES rules on high,
Breathe from the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky:
Nor can the BULL reſtrain the warring band,
While SPRING gleams faintly on our Northern land,
Till MAY advancing, gentle FLORA pours,
In milder days, her renovated flow'rs,
Gives health and beauty to the laughing plain,
Brings the ſoft loves and graces in her train,
And bids ſurceaſe the gloomy tyrant's reign.

HERE ends the ſtrain; which to the good and fair
I ſing, retreating from a world of care,
And hail thoſe moments as they paſs along
That add one beauty to my humble ſong.
But not to ALL, alas! the boon is giv'n,
That greateſt bounty of indulgent Heav'n,
To ſit ſerene, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Taſte the calm pleaſures of a happy life,

Which nurſe the Muſe, improve the noble mind
By ſenſe exalted, and by taſte refin'd.
Yet theſe *deny'd*, with daring flight I ſoar'd,
And heights ſublime, with trembling wing explor'd:
Deſcending now, no lofty ſtrain I claim
That joins the author to the critic's name;
Pleas'd, while great Nature's various works I trace,
From rolling Seaſons if I "ſteal a grace;"
Pleas'd by theſe ſimple ſcenes, if I impart
Or to the ſtudious head or feeling heart
One real pleaſure, while deſcription's maze
In various wand'rings holds my artleſs lays.

AT leaſt, ye FAIR! the bold attempt forgive,
O you for whom I write, for whom I live;
So ſhall my verſe ſtill boaſt a noble claim,
While emulation points the way to fame:—
While YOUR indulgence aids the lowly ſtrain,
Critics ſhall frown, and Envy bark in vain.

FINIS.